

THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON TAFT.



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Cartoons and Comments

Christmas Puck.

THE next issue of PUCK, out on Wednesday, December 6th, will be the annual Christmas number. It is something which has not advanced in price since last year, and that fact alone should entitle it to attention. Neither has it suffered a reduction in quantity or quality; another circumstance worth mentioning. We won't try to describe it. Adjectives are easily overworked. We will only say that anyone who orders it, or buys it at a news-stand, will not have wasted his twenty-five cents. It has been a pleasure for us to prepare it; it will be a pleasure for you to read it. If you have seen other Christmas PUCKS, you *KNOW* it will. If you haven't, let us show you. Say to your newsdealer: "PUCK next week." And don't let him offer you "something just as good."

CONCERNING ME AND HIM.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT's criticism of TAFT's Sherman Law policy revives into vigorous activity the old question of "me and him." Said the Colonel in 1908, when he was booming TAFT for the Republican nomination, "If you don't take him, you'll get me,"—a threat which was quite enough to bring the delegates into line. Now, from the *Outlook* office and the library at Oyster Bay comes pretty positive evidence that "me" does n't think as well of "him" as he used to think. "Me" more than anybody else is responsible for the presence of "him" in the Presidency, and a falling out between "me and him" over the enforcement of the Sherman Law is one of the most portentous happenings possible in politics. It abounds in all sorts of speculative opportunities. Does it mean that "me" has grown tired of the seclusion of editorial majesty and the society of Dr. ABBOTT, and has seized upon a psychological moment to get back into the big game? "Me" was always noted for his ability to seize psychological moments. He got a strangle-hold on any number of them while he occupied the White House, and it is plain to see that his hand has not lost its cunning. If "me" wants to get back into the big game, how far back into it does "me" want to get? All the way back? The next few months will tell. They will be interesting months, politically. Up to the time of this writing, "him" has made no reply to "me's" frank criticisms, but it is quite likely that he has thought a lot. "Him," we should imagine, must feel a good deal like a man who has had a ladder kicked from under him. We are sorry for "him."

THERE is some very grim humor in the Socialist attitude toward Trusts. At a time when the Republican Administration is making things as unpleasant as possible for big business combinations, and a lot of radicals in both parties are claiming that the Administration does n't go far enough, the kindly words that Socialists say about Trusts are almost Hannasque in their support and sympathy. "Trusts are a good thing," says the newly-elected Socialist mayor of Schenectady; "they have worked out the problem of producing in the cheapest and best manner. They have taught the community a lesson that will be of everlasting benefit to the advancement of civilization." Warm words of praise, are they not? It would seem that in Socialism the Trusts had found their "city of refuge" from the pursuer. But alas! The reason *why* the Socialists approve of Trusts is



IN OHIO.

"When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be."

because "they have pointed out the economic way to Socialism," and furthermore because "they have built up a system of economy all ready to be turned over to the people when Socialism gains national control of the Government." Cold comfort after all, very cold. Socialism looks upon Trusts as the old witch looked upon *Hansel* and *Gretel* in one of GRIMM's fairy tales: briefly speaking, as something to be fattened and then eaten.

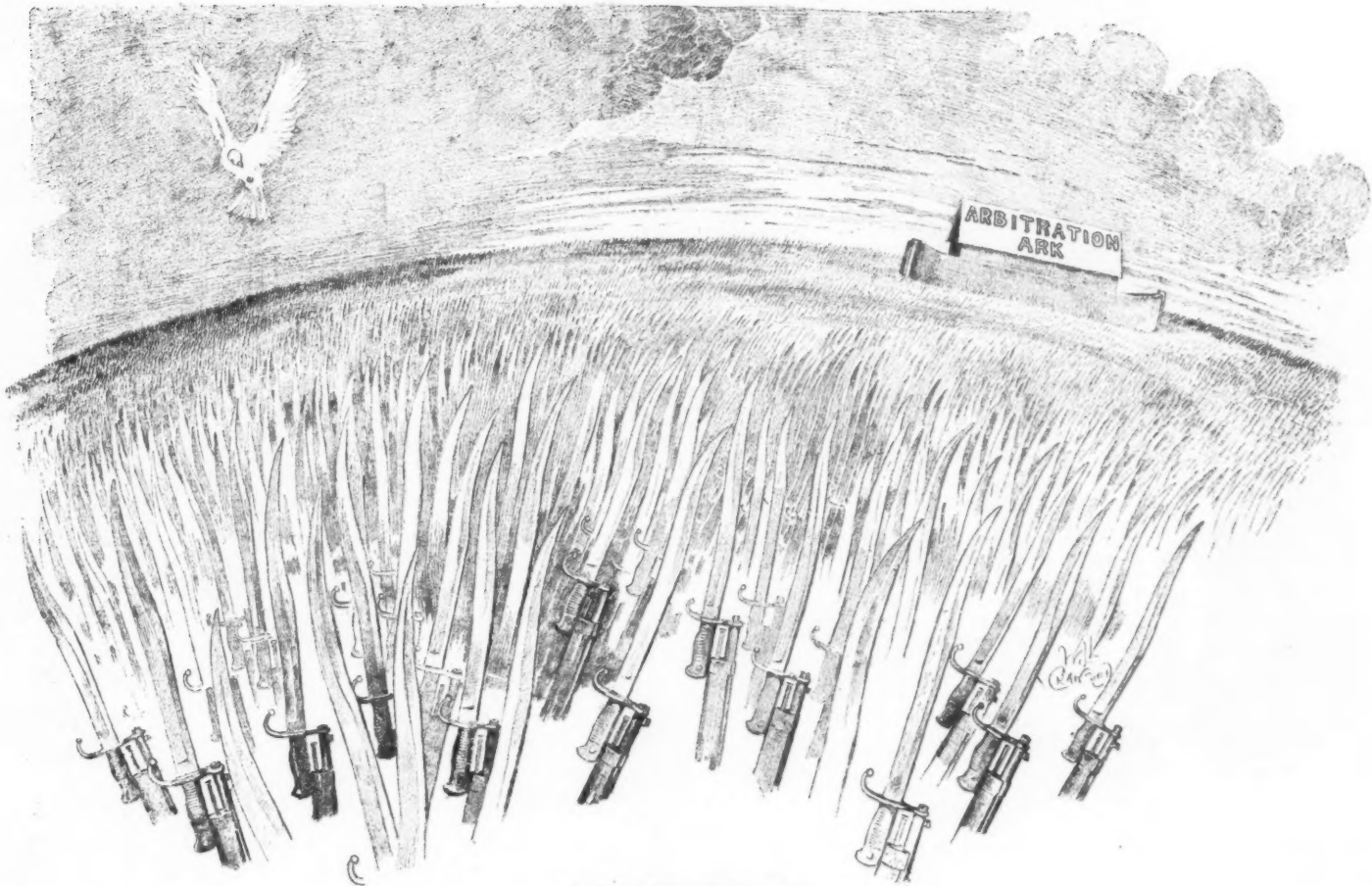


CÆSAR'S NO.

Reprinted from PUCK, June 17th, 1908.

CHINA is making history these days faster than it has ever been made before. For years it has been the door-mat upon which all the rest of the world wiped its feet, but the dormant door-mat stage is past forever. China went along on the principle which the Christian nations preach but do not practice. When its right cheek was swatted, it promptly turned its left and took another one for luck. Henceforth, if signs count for anything, China will follow the example of the so-called Christian nations, and when swatted, swat back.

PUCK



BACK TO THE ARK.

NO REFUGE FOR THE DOVE IN ALL THE EUROPEAN SEA.

WELCOME HOME.



THEY called me a lot of unspeakable names,
They pounded me purple and black;
They grabbed me with all of the strength in their frames
To show they were glad I was back;
They shook me and banged me and called me a "skate"
Till I was as limp as my glove;
And though I'd have fought if they did it in hate,
They were friends—and they did it in love.

I had been where the people were nice and polite
And proper as people could be,
And now came this bunch—it was simply a fright
Their outrageous treatment of me!
They seemed not to care for the fame I had won,
Or the way I'd made everything pay;
They called me a "fat-headed son-of-a-gun"—
And I like 'em to treat me that way.

For back of the cussing is loyalty rare,
And back of the roughness is trust;
And I know these are friends I can call on for fair
If all of my fortunes "go bust."
So they call me whatever comes into their head,
And it does n't disturb me a hang,
For I know they will stick till I'm totally dead,
And I love every man in the gang!

Berton Braley.

OUR WEALTH WORSHIP.

AUCTIONEER (*a few years hence*).—Here we are! How much am I offered for this genuine "Rembrandt"?

BIDDER.—Two dollars and a half.

AUCTIONEER.—Sold! Now, how much am I offered for this spurious imitation of the same picture? This canvas was formerly owned by Reginald de Bullion, the millionaire society leader.

ANOTHER BIDDER.—Two hundred thousand dollars!

REVOLT.

WHAT with one thing and another, Woman in General found herself in a rebellious mood.

"I've simply got to revolt against something!" she declared.

Somehow, thereupon, Fashion was mentioned. Would she not like to revolt against Fashion?

But no—Woman in General was not quite so rebellious as that. "Something a little—er—easier to begin with!" quoth she, and so it was that Her Position of Inferiority, not to say Servitude, with Respect to Man, came to be selected.



FORCE OF HABIT.

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR.—What have you got there?

CABIN PASSENGER.—An ulcerated tooth.

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR.—Open it!

Man is the only creature endowed with a soul and a face, with the option of saving whichever he likes.



THE HELPING HAND.

SETTLEMENT WORKER.—Here, here! What are you swearing at that little boy for?
NEW-YORK KID.—Aw, I'm teaching him English! He jist come over!



THE RIGHT ONE.

USED to call men foolish
Who were dull enough to fall
For any kind of grafting—
Any wise guy's games at all.
I thought no one could land me
With a graft, however strong;
But, like other men, I'm easy—
When the right one comes along.

I've seen men who were stunners
In some special form of sport,
And believed no one could ever
Beat an athlete of this sort;
But I've learned that all are human,
And I guess that I'm not wrong
In declaring each man's easy—
When the right one comes along.

I also used to wonder
How a man could be so dumb
As to let some woman tell him
When to go or when to come;
But I've changed my way of thinking,
And—to finish out this song—
Let me say: I'll be dead easy—
When the right one comes along!

Charles H. Meiers.

WHEN DUGAN TOOK SOMETHING.

MRS. MATTINGLY daintily picked her way along the muddy sidewalk toward the cab-stand and inspected the row of carriages. She selected Dugan's because there was a pink butterfly on the door and he wore new oilskins.

After giving Dugan the address, she stepped inside and closed her eyes while the cab splashed toward a fashionable suburb. It had been a very trying afternoon. The members of the Society for the Protection,

Education, and Civilization of the Borneo Head-hunters had proved themselves disgustingly stupid and obstinate; not one had agreed with the views of their president, Mrs. Mattingly.

Dugan's voice awakened her from her reverie and she saw that she was at home. He opened the door for her and she flashed by. Without so much as a word she hurried up the walk and was through the door before he caught his breath.

The driver swore softly and resolutely followed her. A blond Swedish girl answered his ring.

"Tell your mistress she forgot to pay the cab-driver," Dugan said gruffly.

For a minute the maid stared at him curiously, then, with something that might have meant "All right," she closed the door.

Dugan waited ten minutes and rang again. The Swede girl once more answered the ring.

"Tell your mistress I want to see her," he growled.

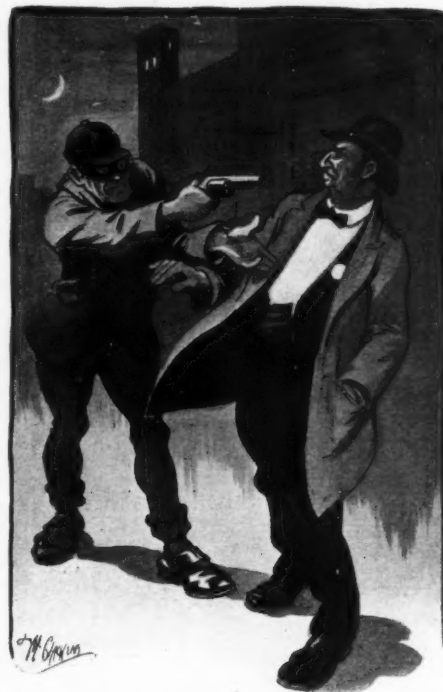
"Card?"

"No card. Tell her I want to see her."

A moment later he heard Mrs. Mattingly's voice from the mysterious regions within.

"A gentleman to see me, and no card? How strange! Show him in, Hilda."

Dugan was ushered into the parlor. Mrs. Mattingly, seated in a low rocking chair, exclaimed:



NO HONOR AMONG THIEVES.

THE HEAD-WAITER.—Aw, cut it out, old man! Don't you recognize the profession?

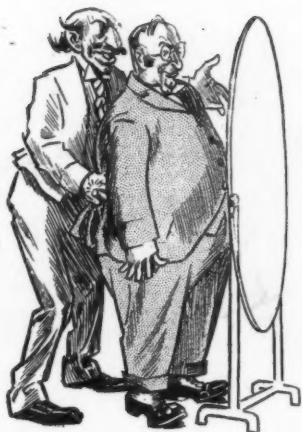


A FRIGHTFUL THOUGHT.

MRS. WAYBACK (on first ocean voyage).—John, I just heard a man say that if this boat was put up on end it would be higher than the Washington Monument. If they're going to do anything like that we better get right off!

By no means every dog, however, knows what to do with his day when he ultimately gets it.

SHERMAN'S SEVEN-DOLLAR SUIT.



TO EMBARRASS THE TARIFF REFORMERS



WHO PRATE OF THE HIGH COST OF LIVING,



SUNNY JIM DEMONSTRATES THAT YOU CAN



BUY GOOD CLOTHES IN AMERICA CHEAP



DESPITE HIGH PROTECTION, AND

"You? Hilda told me a gentleman wished to see me. O, you want your fare. How much is it?"

"Fifty cents, ma'am."

"It seems unreasonable, but I'll pay it this time. Wait here. Stay with him, Hilda."

After Dugan had waited some fifteen minutes Mrs. Mattingly re-entered the room and handed him a miscellaneous collection of dimes, nickels, and coppers.

"I find that I have only forty-four cents in change," she said. "Call at my husband's office in the Security Building and he will pay you the other six cents. O

dear, I forgot my check-book. My husband gave me such a lovely book of lavender-tinted checks. Wait a minute and I'll give you one. What's your name?"

"James B. Dugan, ma'am."

Dugan waited ten minutes and Mrs. Mattingly came back with a check, properly drawn for six cents, which she handed him proudly. He gazed upon it lingeringly, fondly.

"I understand, ma'am, that you are president of the Society for the Protection, Education, and Civilization of the Borneo Head-hunters," he said. "I see your name in the papers often. I'd like to make a small contribution to that noble cause. Have you a fountain pen?"

Mrs. Mattingly looked puzzled but directed the maid to bring a fountain-pen. The girl brought a pearl-handled affair with which he wrote his name across the back of the check.

"I trust this little donation toward the Protection, Education, and Civilization of the Borneo Head-hunters will not be refused," he proclaimed grandiloquently, in the manner of the hero in the melodrama he had

witnessed in a cheap theatre the night before.

"It is appreciated, I assure you," replied Mrs. Mattingly with deep gratitude, as she accepted the lavender slip.

Dugan turned to go, but she stopped him with the words:

"O, driver, do you ever take anything in wet weather to counteract the effect of cold and damp?"

"Sometimes, ma'am," he answered, hope and expectation lighting up his seamed face.

"Wait just a minute."

She was off up the stairs again. Five minutes sufficed this time. When she returned she handed Dugan two little white pills.

"They are excellent," she assured him. "My own doctor made them for me. Take one now and another in an hour."

It was a very intoxicated Dugan that the police arrested at three

o'clock the next morning, bibulously boasting of a contribution of six million dollars toward the Protection, Education, and Civilization of the Borneo Head-hunters. He told the desk-sergeant that he had only been taking a little something for a cold. Yet, when he was searched, two little white pills were found in his vest-pocket. Ernest Douglas.



HE SHOWS THE SUIT TO PROVE IT.

SURE.

FRIEND.—So you're going to make it hot for that fellow who held up the bank, shot the cashier, and got away with the ten thousand?

BANKER.—Yes, indeed. He was entirely too fresh. There's a decent way to do that, you know. If he wanted to get the money, why did n't he come into the bank and work his way up the way the rest of us did?

PRESENCE OF MIND.

WATCHING her house burn down, the woman suddenly bethought her that she had written out a check and left it lying on her desk. Fortunately she could remember the number of it—281. With rare presence of mind she at once called up the bank. "Please stop payment on check numbered 281!" she directed, with the crisp brevity characteristic of those balanced souls who know exactly what they want.



NO BUSINESS ABILITY.

GLOOMY POET.—Ah, that's always the way. Why is it that other men have opportunities and I don't? Now, if I were only a business man, I could take advantage of that!



PILGRIM'S PROGRESS: NEW-YORK VERSION.



THE QUEUELESS AGE.

EFFECT OF THE PROGRESSIVE MOVEMENT IN CHINA ON THE CHINESE SUNDAY-SCHOOL HERE.



THE REMEDY.

SOMEBODY has got to go back to the land.
Too few are producing, too many consuming,
The supply is fast falling below the demand;
That's partly why prices so hugeous are looming.
At least, so they tell us, and there is no doubt
They know pretty well what they're talking about.

Somebody has got to go back to the plow.
We have enough lawyers, enough undertakers,
Enough politicians; and what we need now
Are more poultry-raisers and good butter-makers,
More folks who are fitted to grow corn and wheat
To furnish the rest of us something to eat.

Somebody has got to go back to the farm.
Too many are reaping, and not enough sowing.
The country's deserted; the big cities swarm.
There are too many idle rich foolishly blowing;
There are too many others who'd be idle rich,
Too many who burn with the get-rich-quick itch.

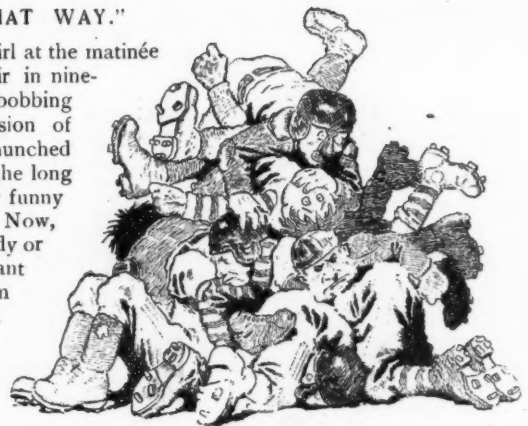
Somebody has got to get back to the soil,
And why they object is beyond my perceiving
The life may contain an amount of hard toil,
But the benefits of it are past all believing,
With R. F. D., 'phones, and machines to save work;
And the profits are there if a man does n't shirk.

Somebody has got to get back to the sod,
Away from the city and all of its bothers,
To where the white daisy springs up from the clod,
Back, back to the simple free life of our fathers.
Why, a prince might well envy a farmer his lot.
What? Try it myself? No, thanks, I guess not!

Walter G. Doty.

"FUNNY THAT WAY."

"YES," said the girl at the matinee with her hair in nineteen puffs, twelve bobbing curls, and a profusion of bands, as she munched chocolates between the long waits, "I'm awfully funny about some things. Now, I like a play all tragedy or all comic. I don't want the two mixed. I'm real funny that way. It's just the same when it comes to my reading. I want a book to be awfully, awfully serious, or awfully, awfully funny. I can't help being funny that way. I got a friend—maybe you know her, Manie Twaddle—lives over in Brooklyn—tall girl with lots of class—just announced her engagement—you don't know her? Well, she's just the opposite of me. She likes tragedy plays with fun mixed in, and serious books with fun in them. Ain't it funny what different tastes different people have? But then there would n't be any fun in everyone thinking just alike. Then, when it comes to dress, I like a dress to be awfully, awfully simple, or awfully, awfully swell. I never want the two mixed. I'm real funny that way. And do you know, I want the things I eat to be awfully, awfully sweet, or awfully sour. I'm the funniest thing you ever saw about that. But I can't help being funny that way. And I'm the funniest thing you ever saw when it comes to wanting to laugh at times when I ought to be sober, and being sober when I ought to laugh. I don't know how in the world to account for it. I don't put it on the least little bit!



THE SCRAP HEAP.

"And it's just the same about having an almost irresistible desire to leap out of a window to the ground when I am up in a high building, or when I am at Niagara Falls and can hardly keep from leaping into the river. I'm awfully funny that way. Would n't it be funny if I really did jump from a fifteen-story window some day? Do you know that if I went up in an airship I just feel sure that I would leap out when we got five or six thousand feet into the air. I'm just that funny when I am at a great height. And do you know that I put salt on cantaloupe melons and vinegar on watermelon? I do! I'm just that funny. I often wish that I was n't so funny that way. It makes one seem so odd, don't you know? And I hate to be odd. But I can't help being funny that way. I often—O, the curtain is going up! Do you know that there is something about a theatre curtain going up that always makes me want to laugh right out. I'm awfully funny that way. And I am sure to laugh when I ought to cry in the play. I simply can't help it, I'm so funny that way!

M. M.



HOW IT'S DONE.

ARTIST (in 2x4 office of Skinem Oil Co.).—What? Only five dollars for this elegant double-page drawing of an imaginary manufacturing plant, showing eight factories, fifty-two chimneys smoking full-blast, sixteen railroads loaded with trains, and your name on the roof-space thrown in! Think again, gentlemen. The Fakem Specialty Co., whose office is the next cubby-hole, will give me seven for it!

Some men talk so much and so long that their stock of truth gives out before they are through.



Haddon Chambers's "Passers-By."

"PASSERS-BY," to the casual theatre-goer, belongs in the same class with "The Hypocrites" and a lot of other plays dealing in the old theme of man and woman who love not wisely but too well. Haddon Chambers's play resembles the others in this respect only. The working out of his story is delightfully rational and free from theatricalism. Also, he has introduced to us some unusually entertaining people. Pine, the valet, and Samuel Burns, the human derelict, who sagely remarks that "Work's for workmen," are as refreshing a pair as we have met with for many seasons. They are capiti-

played by Julian Royce and Ernest Lawford respectively. Richard Bennett does well enough as *Peter Waverton* in a general way, but misses a lot of necessary detail. His scene in the second act with *Little Peter* is splendidly done, however. Louise Rutter as the heroine—and, by the way, why must heroines with pasts invariably have chalk-white faces?—plays a fine part in a rather conventional manner. Margaret is very, very stagey in Miss Rutter's hands. Rosalie Toller as *Beatrice* has a part that goes by itself; she has a tendency to overact now and then. A. G. Andrews and Ivy Hertzog are both good in minor rôles.

W. E. Hill.

THEY ALL LOOK ALIKE.

AS THE little man walked absent-mindedly along the sidewalk he suddenly stopped in front of a book-store. It recalled to him the meaning of that piece of string on his finger, and with a brightened face he entered.

"Just a minute," he said to the clerk. "My wife wanted me to get a book for her—a certain novel she's heard a good deal about. I must find the memorandum she gave me. She wrote the name on a slip of paper, and I put it in my pocket."



PREJUDICED.

THE KID (after his first cigar).—Gee! I wish Wickersham had killed dat terbacker trust!

"What's that?" he asked in surprise.

The old gentleman broke in: "Cobb's Cornatine. Here, see for yourself."

"I'm afraid you've made a mistake," said the new arrival with a twinkle. "Cobb's Cornatine is a new breakfast-food."

"Ah, now I see why the grocer did n't understand me when I asked him for a package of Queed," remarked the customer in manifest relief.

G. Kaemmerling.

A HOPELESS CASE.

"DE trouble wid me and muh wife," admitted old Brother Gaumpers, "am dat, whilst we 'gree most o' de time, we don't 'gree at de same time. I kin 'gree 'bout anything, and she kin 'gree 'bout anything, but we kain't 'gree wid each udder 'bout it. When I'm willin' to 'gree wid her she won't 'gree wid me, and when she is ready to 'gree wid me I've changed muh mind and kain't 'gree wid her. We kin bofe 'gree separate, but we kain't 'gree togedder on de same thing at de same time, and de mo' we tries de wuss we gits."

ALARMING.

ONCE upon a time there was a Free Country—so free, in fact, that it was deemed the part of prudence to equip the Public Treasury with a burglar-alarm.

One day the alarm rang furiously when, as a diligent search disclosed, there was no burglar anywhere about.

Much mystified, the Secretary of the Public Treasury thereupon consulted the Oracle.

"The burglar-alarm," quoth His Excellency, the Secretary, "rings and rings, yet there is no burglar!"

"Not in the ordinary sense, perhaps," replied the Oracle, and added cryptically: "The first Monday in December is, however, at hand!"

That being the day when, by the provisions of the organic law, the Congress, or Constituent Assembly of the Free Country, got together.

THE OLD KICK.

SATAN.—I'm surprised to find you here. I thought you would surely get a seat in Paradise.

NEW YORKER (wearily).—Nothing doing; speculators had them all.



AND PITY 'T IS 'T IS TRUE.

EVE.—See here, Adam! I've been the making of you! Some women would have taken every rib you had!



THE PUCK PRESS

MASTER AND PUPILS.

R AND S CHINESE AWKWARD SQUAD.



PUPILS AND MASTER.



IN OUR NEXT WAR.

FIRST VOLUNTEER.—Good Lord, man, but you take the noise of this shrapnel and volley firing very coolly!

SECOND VOLUNTEER.—O, sure! You see, I ride a motor-cycle when I'm home!

HOW TO BECOME A CYNIC.

TRUST everybody, and obey the Golden Rule implicitly.
Never refuse to make a loan.
Don't hurt anyone's feelings by saying "No."

Give up your seat in a street-car to a "lady," and learn from her silence or otherwise that she isn't one.

If someone bumps into you on Broadway or in the Subway, stop and apologize.

Give your rival in love a chance to be alone with your girl once in a while. Then spend two weeks' pay on a wedding-present for them.

Hunt for chances to do outside errands for your bosses. They will show their appreciation by giving you more of them to do.

Don't ask for a raise in salary; just wait for it.

Write a short story and send it to the magazines.

And, if you are not a Cynic when you get through doing these things, there is no hope for you—you are just a lovable old fool.

PARAPHRASE.

'T is easy enough to be grumpy
When everything goes dead wrong;
But a blot on the map is the crochety chap
Who keeps up a "grouch" right along.

MODERN MARRIAGE.

REGGIE.—Why do you envy Gladys's so?
PEGGY.—She is happily married, and has two of the dearest little toy dogs you ever saw.

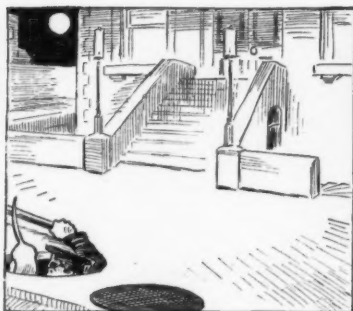
THE POLICE-DOG'S KEEN SCENT.



"AH, THE MAN-HOLE!"



"UP WITH IT!"



"WHEN DUTY CALLS——"



"SOFTLY OVER THE COAL!"



THE CRITICAL MOMENT!



THE CAPTURE.



MODERN DEFINITIONS.

THE BABY.

A BABY is a small person about which there is great diversity of opinion. This is because every baby is considered perfect by the parents and a perfect nuisance by everyone else.

There is really nothing new about the baby. Its institution dates back to the beginning of the world, and at that time it was a garden production. The garden idea, however, is now obsolete, and for many years the baby has been grown in the house, with early transplantings to the sunlight.

Every baby has a good voice, a distinct resemblance to some rich relative, and an afternoon nap. The voice is heard by everyone, but the resemblance is heard chiefly by the rich relative. The afternoon nap is heard of everywhere as being necessary to the baby, but sometimes the nap is more honored in the breach than in the observance. After the nap the baby is unable to understand why it should be expected to sleep again at night, and everyone else is unable to understand why it should want to stay awake. The baby's decision, however, always carries the day—or rather, the night.

There are millions of babies, but only two kinds—boys and girls. The boy baby is always the maternal and paternal selection for the Presidential chair, and the girl baby is expected to some day become the wife of a gentle and loving millionaire who will do his best to appreciate her.

Later on the Presidential nominee develops a strong desire to become a motorman, and the future millionaire's wife is seen to blush at the mentioning of the plumber's son. The fond parents sigh gently. In point of looks, likewise, babies generally bear a strong resemblance to their well-financed and unencumbered relatives.

Fashions may come and fashions may go—but babies will always be in style.

William Sanford.

A NEW SECT.

"WOMBAT is a predestinarian."
"What on earth is a predestinarian?"

"A man who believes he's bound to get run over some day by an automobile."

PUSH has put some automobiles where they are to-day.



THE KELLIES.

SEE them now upon the street,
Both large and small, immense, *petite*:
All shapes and sizes—plugs and caps—
I hope to have one soon, perhaps—
A nice brand-new fall kelly.

The pancake derby's on the job,
The Scotch-plaid caps have caught a mob;
And some soft things the chappies wear
Are covered o'er with long, dark hair—
Those wonderful fall kellies!

Like saucers, some hold down the ears
Of ultra-stylish, handsome dears.
Some persons must be hard to please
To wear those fierce monstrosities—
Those terrible fall kellies!

The coalman—pirate of the day—
Goes smilingly upon his weigh
Crowned with a dip of coal-black hue,
With band just like our feelings—blue—
A seasonable kelly.

The milkman wears a soft, blue tile—
The color of his goods. In style
It's shaped just like a soup-tureen,
And neatly balanced on his bean—
A most befitting kelly.

The butcher (it is mete that he
Doth cover up his dome, you see,
With something rare) wears one that's felt.
So were his prices when he dealt
Our steaks to buy that kelly.

The grocer who, with hungry maw,
Got your last dime within his paw,
Has planted on his lofty nut
A pea-green awning—and he's cut
Some figure with that kelly.

The landlord who, with chesty mien,
Each thirty days is heard and seen,
Wears his fall roof on business bent;
It's torn, dilapidated, rent—
It's rent that bought that kelly.

Yes. Every man I pay or owe
Bought headgear with my hard-earned dough.
I'm bare, disgusted, broke—yes, quite,
And ponder o'er it day and night—
How can I get a kelly?

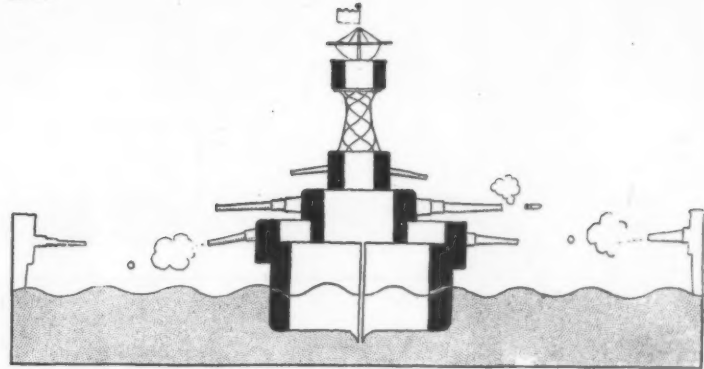
I think I'll let my hair grow long,
Real thick and bushy, close and strong;
Then shape it like a fall chapeau
And let the whole town see and know
A back-to-Nature kelly!

P. L. Trussell.



THE PURSUIT OF MONOPOLY.

A demagogue is never so fortunate as in the fool enemies who take him too seriously.



THE VERTICAL ARMOR-PLATE OF THE PRESENT.

SUSPICIOUS.

WHEN the four-and-twenty blackbirds
which had been baked in the pie
began, immediately the latter was opened, to
sing, the king grew suspicious.

"How," demanded his majesty, "were
you so remarkably preserved?"

The blackbirds, visibly disconcerted,
offered no reply.

"Was it by the use of benzoate of
soda?" thundered the king, thoroughly
aroused.

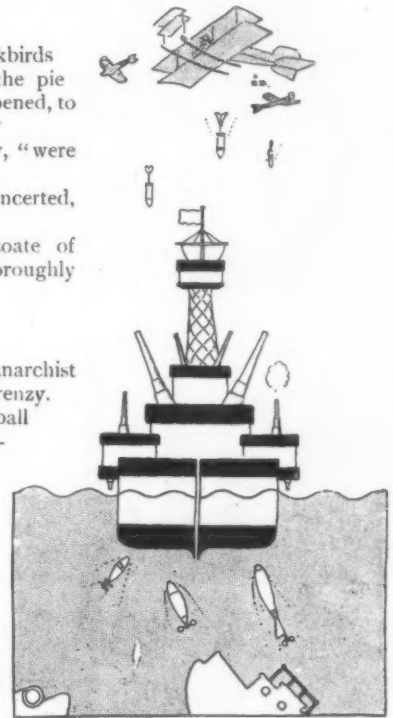
THE UMPIRE.

"KILL the umpire!" yelled the anarchist
baseball fan in a fine fit of frenzy.

"O no," said the radical baseball
fan. "I can understand your feel-
ings exactly, but, besides being
morally wrong to kill him, it would
do absolutely no good. I have a
much better way. My way would
be to recall the umpire."

"Come, come," said the con-
servative baseball fan. "You are
quite as much in error as your
more violent brother. You must
remember that an umpire is a
judge. It is not fitting that judges
should be recalled. Judges are
more sacred than other officials.

See? He wears a different uniform
and a different chest-protector and a
different mask. And besides, there is a much better way to get rid
of him. If you must say something, if you must violate the sacred
chest-protector, you should say: 'Impeach the umpire.'"



THE HORIZONTAL ARMOR-PLATE
OF THE FUTURE.

TOO OFTEN FOOLED.

IN the ancient fable it was a male who cried "Wolf! Wolf!"
when there was no wolf, and who, having so deceived his
neighbors, was left by them to be devoured when the wolf came
indeed.

Now, however, it was a woman shrieking as in agony. Her
neighbors ran in. But she was not in distress—only rehearsing her
part in the opera. More than once it came out thus. Then a bur-
glar entered the woman's house and threatened her life.

"Help! Murder!" she screamed.

"It is some new thing by Strauss or Debussy!" observed the
neighbors, and never lifted a hand.

RELIGIOUS.

MRS. WAYUPP.—They say she married her last husband for religious
reasons.

MRS. BLASÉ.—His pew was in a more fashionable section of the
church than her other husband's.

THE world is so full of a number of things, from so many of which a
fairly good article of whisky can be made, that the optimists still
outnumber the pessimists by a considerable margin.



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THE COURT OF LAST RESORT.

"Do you think women should propose?" asked the *passé* lady.
"I don't know," mused the young thing. "Have you tried everything else?"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

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A SMART SON.

FRIEND.—You took your son into your establishment a few months ago to teach him the business, I understand. How did he turn out?

BUSINESS MAN (wearily).—Great success. He's teaching me the business now.—*Toledo Blade*.

"Who's the author of the novel you are reading?"

"There's no name given."

"Due to modesty, I suppose?"

"No; fear, I should call it."—*Boston Transcript*.

DUBLEIGH.—Was that you I heard fumbling at your door this morning at one o'clock?

CLUBEIGH.—At one? I guess so. My wife declares I got in about three.—*Baltimore Sun*.

A FULL-BLOODED Apache has won a prominent place among American surgeons, and his operations are by no means confined to the upper part of the cranium.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat*.



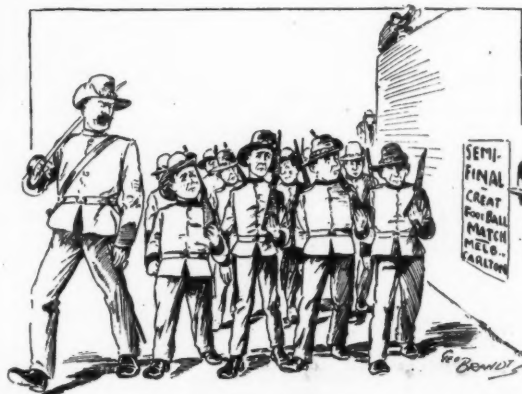
ONE YEAR LATER.

It was the anniversary of the Pnoodles' wedding-day, and the good wife had prepared a special dinner in honor of the occasion.

"Priscilla," said Pnoodles, after the feasting was over, "that was the best meal I ever ate. You are worth your weight in gold."

"A year ago to-day, Claude," Mrs. Pnoodles answered, "you told me I was worth my weight in diamonds."

"Did I? Well, dear, this is your first annual—er—re-valuation."—*Chicago Tribune*.



"EYES RIGHT!"

—*Sydney Bulletin*.

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

NO CONSOLATION.

A friend of mine, who is idiot enough to waste his substance in betting on horses, recently returned home from a meeting oppressed by his want of luck. "I backed the favorite in a race," he said, "and a beast walked home at twenty to one."

"What time should he have walked home, pa?" inquired his bright little boy.—*London Opinion*.

Walk, — You, Walk!

THIS is the poem that you read in PUCK years ago and have been looking for ever since.

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"WALK,
— YOU,
WALK!"

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COOK'S

IMPERIAL

EXTRA DRY

CHAMPAGNE

Served Everywhere

A CLUE FOR JOHN.

"That's a nice umbrella you've got."
 "Yes, it was a present."
 "Indeed! Who from?"
 "I don't know, but it says on the handle: 'Presented to John Robinson.'"
 —*Boston Transcript.*

THE GENTLER SEX.

"William, do you know why you are like a donkey?"
 "Like a donkey?" echoed William, opening his eyes wide. "No, I don't."
 "Do you give it up?"
 "I do."
 "Because your better half is stubbornness herself!"
 "That's not bad. Ha, ha! I'll give that to my wife when I get home."
 "Emily," he began, as he sat down to supper, "do you know why I am like a donkey?"
 He waited for a moment, expecting his wife to give it up, but she didn't. She looked at him with some pity in her eyes, and replied:
 "I suppose, dear, because you were born so."—*Ex.*

KNICKER.—What influenced your son in his choice of a college?
BOCKER.—He picked the one whose yell was best suited to his voice.—*Ex.*

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Boys size
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Convenient

If not at
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send money
with chest
and height
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ARBITRATION, it seems, is for the strong.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

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SPITEFUL.

What is that rustling sound?
 It is made by an editor turning over the pages of a manuscript.
 What will he do with the manuscript?
 He will place it in an envelope with a rejection slip.
 Why does he use such terrible language?
 He has jabbed his hand on a paper-hook.
 Is the hook rusty?
 The hook is rusty.
 Do you suppose the poor editor will die of blood-poison?
 Yes, I suppose so.
 Would not that be sad?
 Yes, it would not.
 —*Lippincott's.*

WHEN Alice Jones was eighteen she became Miss Alysse Jones. When she went to enter a normal school she was asked her name by the dean. She replied: "Miss E. Alysse Jones—A-l-y-s-s-e."
 "Yes," said the dean, "and how are you spelling 'Jones' now?"—*Argonaut.*

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14K Rolled Gold Plate
will wear a lifetime
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Quality stamped on back of each button and guaranteed. Sent on receipt of price; if not sold by your jeweler or haberdasher.

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Go in like a Needle—Hold like an Anchor

R-R-REVENGED.

"Shine yer boots, sir?"
 "No!" snapped the man.
 "Shine 'em so's yer can see yer face in 'em," urged the boot-black.
 "No, I tell you!"
 "Coward!" hissed the boot-black.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

WELL CONNECTED.

"Yes," remarked the telephone girl as she gazed out at the waves and wondered what their number was, "I am connected with the best families in our city."—*Catholic Universe.*

PROBABLY.

"She left me for some motive or another."
 "Probably another."—*Lippincott's.*

POLITICS, 1911.

"Does your wife want a vote?"
 "She wants two," replied Mr. Meekton; "mine and hers."—*Washington Star.*

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TOUCHING.

JENNIE.—Everything he touches seems to turn to gold.
JIM.—Yes; he touched me to-day for a sovereign.—*London Opinion.*

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, ETC.

are promptly relieved with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamp. W. F. Young, P.D.F.: 423 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

LADY (to loafer who has asked for money).—You'll only drink it, I suppose, instead of taking it home to your wife.

LOAFER.—I ain't got a wife, lidy. I'm earnin' me own livin'.—*Punch.*

Caroni Bitters. The best by test. Send 25 cents for sample bottle with patent dasher and be convinced. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., N. Y., Gen'l Distrib.

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 "I should suggest a key to the situation."—*Baltimore American.*

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"Did he speak in high terms of the doctor?"
 "Yes; he said he charged ten dollars a visit."—*Town Topics.*



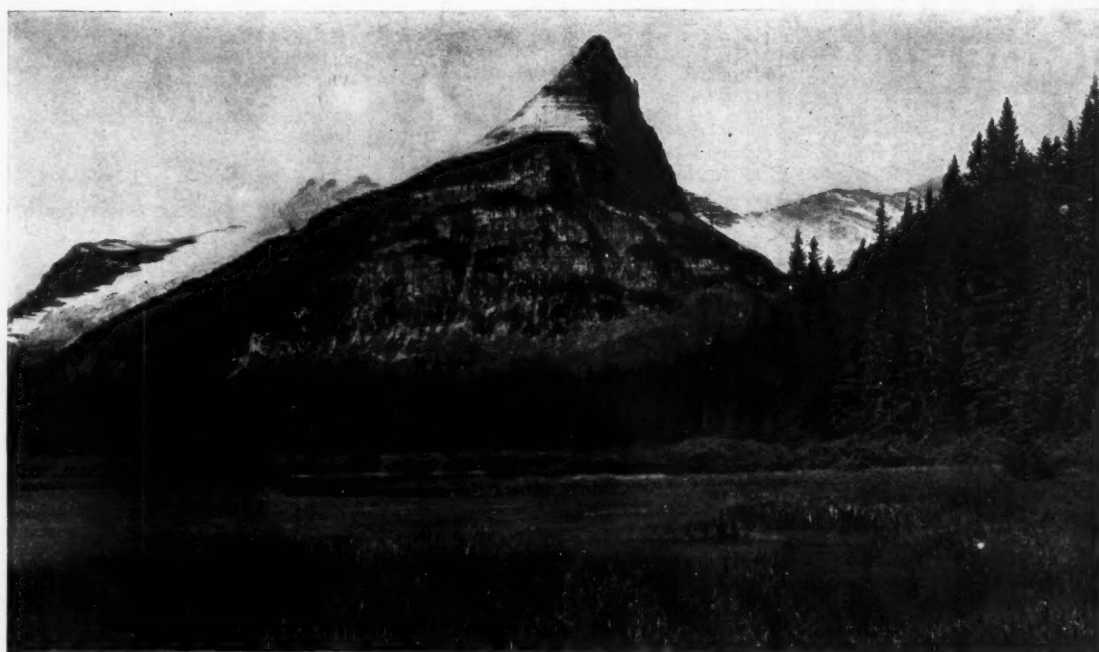
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Bar Keeper's Friend
It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c. 1 lb. box. For sale by drug stores and dealers. Send 5c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

JAMES PAYN, the English novelist, once received a letter from a person whom he did not know, praising his works. "I liked to hear my books called 'works,'" said Payn, "and I replied. He wrote me again, and I wrote in return a jocose letter. He replied in like terms. I wrote again, telling him a funny story. He sent me a funny story. I capped it, and in a short time got a Roland for my Oliver. Finally, I got an indignant letter, commencing: 'Sir—Are you aware that I am a woman?' I often blush under the bedclothes," he concluded, "when I think of the stories I told that woman."—*Exchange*.

"SEE AMERICA FIRST."

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I.
BAND LEADER. — Here we've been playing over an hour and he has n't shown himself yet. Ah, there——

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After "O'Neill."

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WE read of one man who was mistaken for a woodchuck and shot. There is one thing in favor of mushroom hunting—an innocent bystander is in no danger of being mistaken for a toadstool.—*Toledo Blade.*

NEWFANGLED EDUCATION.

They taught him how to hemstitch and they taught him how to sing,
And how to make a basket out of variegated string,
And how to fold a paper so he wouldn't hurt his thumb.
They taught a lot to Bertie, but he couldn't do a sum.

They taught him how to mold the head of Hercules in clay,
And how to tell the difference 'twixt the bluebird and the jay,
And how to sketch a horsie in a little picture-frame,
But strangely they forgot to teach him how to spell his name.

Now, Bertie's pa was cranky, and he went one day to find
What 't was they did that made his son so backward in the mind.
"I don't want Bertie wrecked," he cried, his temper far from cool,
"I want him educated!" So he took him out of school.
—*Newark News.*

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE."

The following letter purports to have been sent from a rural neighborhood in Ohio to a machinery house in Cleveland:

GENTLEMEN:

I get the pump which i by from you, but why for gods sake you doan sen me no handle. wats the use a pump when she doan have no handle. i loose to me my customer, sure thing you doan treat me rite. I rote 10 days and my customer he holler for water like hell for the pump. You no he is hot summer now and the win he no bloe the pump. She got no handle so wat the hell I goan do with it. Doan send the handle pretty quick i send her back and i goan order some pump from Meyers companie.
Goodby

Truly yours

Since i write i fine the goddam handle in the box. Excuse to me.—*Exchange:*



high balls
and
highballs

one is cheered
the other cheers

whether you foot the ball
or foot the bill

you sometimes need

RED RAVEN

the ideal aperient water

clears the head
cools the blood
keeps you right

splits, everywhere 15c



THE phrase "coming back" is not so old that we do not remember when it was not. It had particular force when Nat Goodwin was talking to William Collier about his prospects.

After a setback which was almost wholly unfortunate, Goodwin said to Collier:

"Willie! Why can't I come back? John Drew is as old as I am. So are Daniels and Hopper and—well, I could mention some others. Crane is older. Now, in my case——"

Collier interrupted.

"Nat," said he, "you don't seem to realize that they never went away."—*Chicago Evening Post.*

"WHAT is the force that makes the world move?" asked the teacher.

"The landlord," replied Johnny Harduppe promptly.—*Phila. Record.*

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"Waiting for Santa"	- - -	A. Z. Baker
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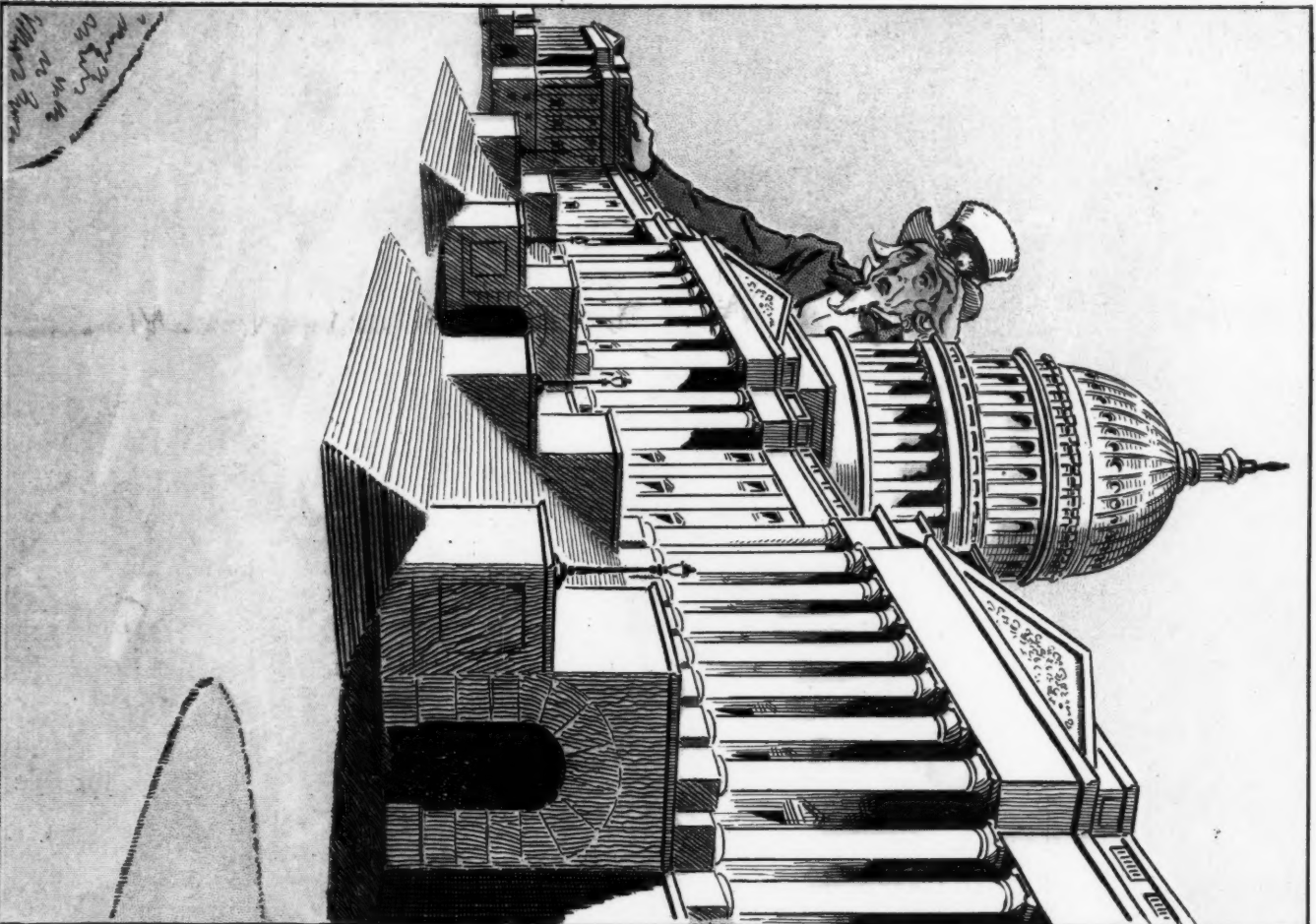


II.

"——he comes!"

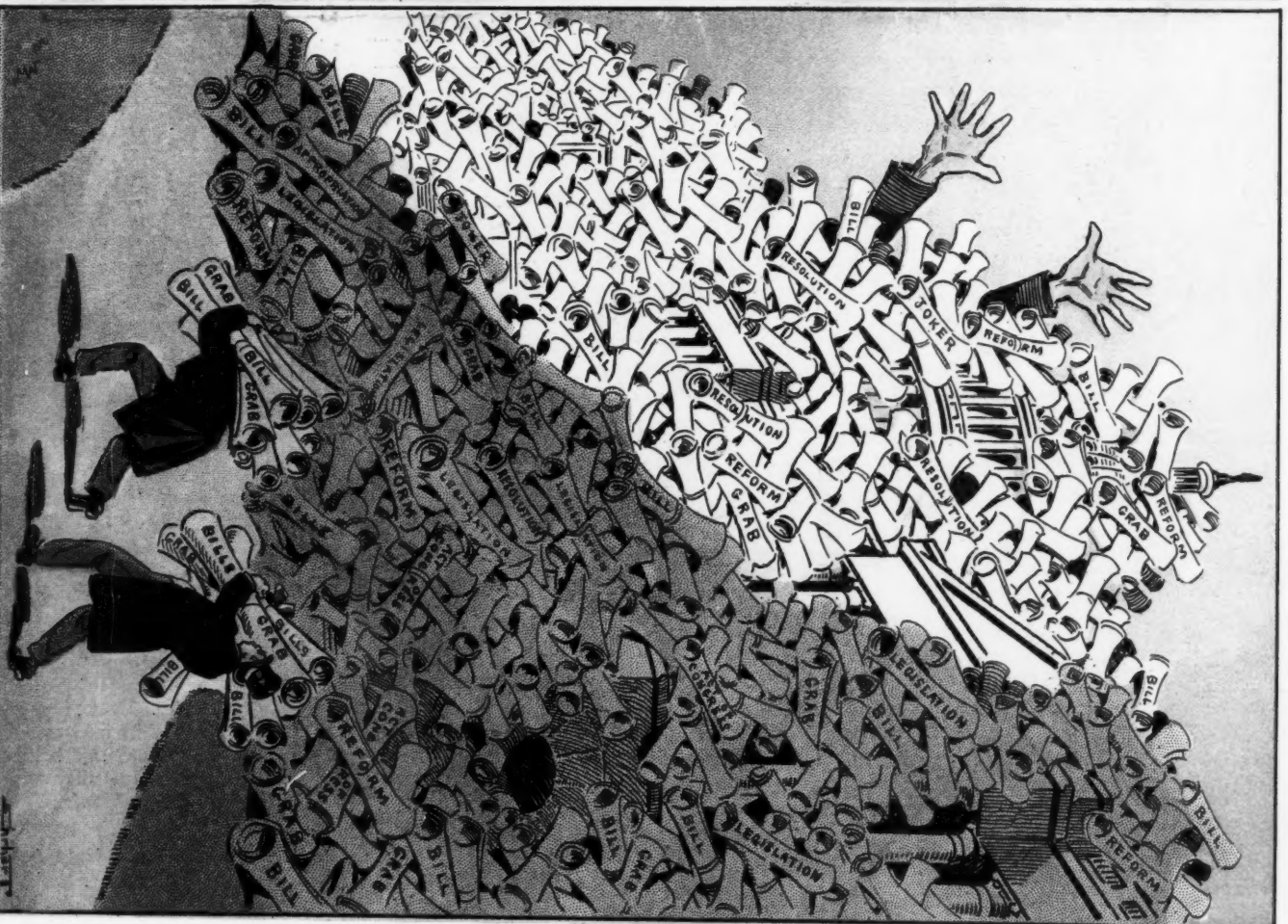
—*Fliegende Blätter.*

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.



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How It Will Look the First Week in December.